## LIFE IN MODERN PALESTINE.

A Remarkable Tomb Discovered in the Middle of the Plain of Esdraelon. HAIPA, April 26 .- The fact that I am laboring under a peculiar phase of insanity, which takes the form of descending with a light into the bowels of the earth with a measuring tape, and writing down cabalistic signs of what I flad there, whether it be in a cistern or a tomb. or a natural cavern, has become pretty widely known among the inhabitants of the neighboring villages, and the consequence is that from time to time I receive information which may minister to this harmless monomania. The other day, for instance, a stonecutter whom I had employed on some building operations, came to me with the intelligence that while he and some villagers had been gotting out stone for a house at a place about twenty miles distant they had unexpectedly come upon a series of subterranean chambers. His account was so tempting that, though prepared by experi-ence for disappointment when acting upon purely native information, I nevertheless bought the possible results worth an effort. and proceeded therefore to the village in ques-tion, which was situated in the centre of the Plain of Esdraelon. The sheik was at first somewhat reluctant to show me the spot, as the Fellaheen have an inherent suspicion of all investigations of this nature, believing them to be mysteriously connected with the discovery of treasure, which, when found, they will be used of having concealed, and punished for it. He finally consented, however, to lead the way, and brought me to an opening in the earth. from the surface of which a flight of nine stone steps led down to a small paved court, about six feet square, which had now been emptied of the soil which had previously concealed its existence. The sides of this court, which were

search interesting with the form of the control before the control bef somer forms a theory based upon observation, some makes some new discovery which upsets it. Roughly, the tombs which I have impostigated may be divided into the following calogories: I. Rock-hown tombs containing and the containing both. A. Masonry tombs containing either leculi or kokim, or both together. 5. Sarcohagd. 6. Rock-sunk tombs, containing either leculi or kokim, or both together. 5. Sarcohagd. 6. Rock-sunk tombs, a rock-hown tomb is an excavation made in the solid rock (advantage generally has been taken of a natural cavern), and round the sides of the chambers so formed, which vary in dimensions, are ranged the receptacles for the dead. In some cases there are more than one chamber. In some cases there are more than one chamber in the sides of the chambers so fosmed the upor chamber. A koka is a rectangular sloping space cut into the rock, tunnel fashion, extending six feet horizontally, sufficiently wide and high to admit of a corpse being pushed into it. A loculus is a brick trough cut laterally also the rock, which is arched above so as to form what is called an arcosolium. This rough is general dam, and two feet deep. It is thus separated and, and two feet deep. It is the separated and, and two feet deep. It is the separated and many set welve loculi ranged around it. At first it was supposed that the kokim lombs were the oldest; then it was found that he other. That the Christians used both is certain from the fact that freek inscriptions with Christian ornaments are to be found over the country tombs are only found in Galice. When the country tombs are only found in Galice. When the country tombs are only found in Galice. When the country tombs are only found in Galice. When the country tombs are only found in Galice. When the country tombs are only found in Galice. When the country tombs are only found in Galice. When the subject is not the case when the country tombs are only found in the service of the masonry and the service of the masonry and the country. The country is a subject to the

surface of the living rock, and covered with a hure hid of stone, sometimes flat, but more often out conically, so as to have a high central ridge. I have more than once endeavored to remove these from the tombs, which had never been opened, where they were still in sim, but never happened to be accompanied by a sufficient number of men or to have adequate leverage appliances with me. As these stones are generally about seven feet long, three broad, and from two to three feet thick, they require the application of no little force to remove them. They vary in size, however, and I have seen sunk tombs for babies not above eighteen inches long. A part from the interest which attaches to the whole question of rock seculture in Palestine, the most interesting rolles of antiquity are generally found in the tombs, while not uncommonly valuable inscriptions are met with; many of them are ornamented with pletorial representations, which have been laid on with colored pigment, and the designs are often curious and interesting. Altogether, although the investigation of these mortuary chambers is often attended with great difficulty and discompore, they frequently furnish results which compensate for the fatigue that they involve.

### HISTORICAL TREASURES IN IRELAND. The Work that is Being Done by Patriotic

DUBLIN, May 12 .- In what I wrote to you some two months ago about that wonderful illuminated manuscript copy of the Gospels, known as "The Book of Kells," I intended to intro-duce to American readers the rich remains of that ancient Irish literature which form a link between the old pagan culture in the Brit-ish Islands and the Christian civilization of the middle ages. It is the aim of some of the most distinguished and patriotic Irish scholars now living to devote their labors and the funds which they hope to obtain from Government, to the reproduction by the aid of photography not only of the "Book of Kells," but of the other exquisite illuminated manuscripts left by St. Columbkille

## The Breache Died Mappy.

The Breache Died Happy.

Prom the Lenver Sees.

Bill Parker, a well-known mining man of Coterado, tells a story about a horse which he ways is true. Several years are he hought a buckskin brouche in the Ule Agency from an Indian for a quart of whicker and shipped it to Leadville. About a month afterward he want to Leadville and one day thought he would take a ride. He put a saddle on the brute's back and cinched the animal up in the manner that all mesk eyed bronchos are cinched and jumped astride. Bill says he felt himself rising in the air, the broncho steking to him: then he felt a shock, and remembered nothing more until he was fished out of the Arkansas River. The animal had run away and thrown him over an embankment thirty feet high.

A week or so afterward one of Bill's friends wanted to go prospecting, and Mr. Parker very generously placed the broncho at his disposal. The result was that man and horse were picked up at the foot of a stay-foot precipice—the man with a broken leg, the horse tightly wedged in hetween two rocks, but little hurt. A number of simbitious miners then attempted to conquer the vicious brute, but no one ever accessed in staying on his back. Finally some of the man in the camp became disquisted. They secured the bucking broncho, out a saddle on him, and lastied a lost of wood on his back. The last seen of him he was choiced to be bucking broncho, out a saddle on brin, and lastied a lost of wood on his back. The lost by lating the was rid of the log, however, nor could it be found, and Bill says there was a look of perfect resignation on the animal's face, as if he had died contented.

A Beatel Come to Judgment.

Prom the Fortwille Record.

There is a Justice of the Peace in Fariville who will make his mark in the world rome day A course of oversacious lawyers in his court sot into an argument the other day. One offered to bet the other 500 to 310 on a joint of law, and the hest was quickly taken. The Justice became the stakeholder, and when the more was put up he promptly flued both lawyers for contempt, and appropriated the fund to the fines.

THE NEW BERLIN. Great Changes in the German Capital Since

It Became the Centre of an Empire-The Homes of Some Pamous German Artists. BERLIN, April 27 .- Old German simplicity is a thing of the past, and with it has disappeared the stiff and meagre formality which has occasioned so many satirical, uncompilmentary, but not wholly inaccurate descriptions of barren, methodical apartments, bare floors, rigid ceremonious sofas, mathematically arranged chairs, and staring monumental porcelain stoves, giving so false an idea of the

real love and comprehension of art, hidden under the grim, almost vulgarly ugly mode of daily life. As long as Berlin was only the metropo-lis of a small provincial kingdom, provincial itself to no ordinary degree, it reproduced in the capital the atmosphere of the smallest townships, and its ambitions were dwarfed to the lowest level of domestic com-fort. Unrivalled music was cheerfully listened to on the straw chairs of the al-fresc ser gardens, discussing kithle blonde in tall glasses, or Bayarian beer in seidels, and a ball that lasted till morning was set going by the pushing aside of the solitary huge round cen-tre table, the remainder of the furniture being perennially marshalled against the walls. But in becoming the nucleus of a great empire, Berlin has blossomed in fourteen years into an elegant, fashionable, festive city: has laid down streets like boulevards, raised palatial abodes in a tasteful and magnificent style of architecture, put laughing fountains in its squares. balconies to its façades, given rein to a rich freedom of cultured refinement, and developed in daily, material, and visible signs that sense of the beautiful which had up to that time only

revealed itself in masterpleces of intelligent

The most striking and the most finence is a repite of his already famous. Othelo Toiling his Battles to Desilemana." The dark profile of the Moor, it up by the fire within, stands out boild for the thory had been contrast with the rapt, dreamlike, sonl-surrendering pose of Desideman half lying, half sitting at her father's feet. Venice seen in the distance beyond the terrace is perhaps at rife cold for the city of the blue Adriatic, but the picture toils its story fully, as so many German pictures do. Equally graphic is the picture of a pretty Italian marticlan, for whom a page life a heavy portion. Tricken, for whom a page life a heavy portion, for whom a page life a heavy portion. The bowing acquiescence of the boy disclose the secret of the love tryst to which the fair Yenetian comes—perhaps as a glad surprise.

Prof. Knauss, another artistic colebrity, has built his villa in one of the charming streets that stretch in and out of the park to the picturesque caust. In appearance he is a creat contrast to Prof. Becker—short and south has what the Prench call rendeur and the Germans Genillhichkeit. He surrenders less easily to general social inferceures, but when once interested warms to his subject and talks brightly and enthusiastically of German and foreign art. He prizes the English school, holds some of their painters in high esteem, and above all admires their illustrators. Among these he places in the first rank Caton Woodville, being very partial to Americans. Woodville, being very partial to Americans. Woodville, being very partial to Americans. Woodville, being very partial to mericans. He had on his easel a perfectly luminous picture, which he calls "A Gypey Team." Clearly profiled against a transparent evening sky are the fluctrated, parting the former, holding his private and is full of motion and animation. He had on the sense a perfectly luminous picture, which he calls "A Gypey Team." Clearly profiled against a transparent evening sky are the fluctrase of four Bohomian children, and his stilreas

represented clad in white gossamer gauze seated near a large fire. The ruddy reflections of the flame leap in iuminous waves to her fair bosom and fleek her rich Venetian hair with starry lights. Her small, nale fingers are half buried in the fur of a large St. Bernard dog she is lazily caressing. The nicture is a poem, the life of the original a romance. Her name has been coupled with one, the most fliustrious and powerful in Europe, borne by a man who bids fair to carry proudly the heavy burden of his father's fame, but who, like others before him, has had to sacrifice love to ambition and to the stern dictates of an iron will. The latest Presch novel, "Roland," gives the outline of that dramatic story transparently welled in flection. The author, under the pseudonym of Ary Ecilam, has prefaced his book with the following dedication, which gives it an attractive flavor of autobiography:

To her Imperial Highness Madame in Princense.

Madam: You forbade that your name should be publicly attached to this volume. Grant that triendship be permitted to offer this memory to a martyr.

### M. DE S. A VISIT TO VICTOR BUGO.

His Talk with an American Lady of his Books, and of Work Yet to Be Done. An American lady, who was a resident of Paris for a number of years, gives this interesting account of an evening she spent at the

house of Victor Hugo: In 1874 Victor Hugo occupied a suite of apartments at 21 Rue de Clichy, one of the most elevated and airy streets in the northern part of Paris, a quarter for which he seemed to have a particular preference, the abode which he had quitted just previous being at 55 Rue Pigalle, in the same section of the city. It is one of the streets that fork off, so to speak, from the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin at its junction with the Rue St. Lazare, and it runs up at the left-hand side of the Church of the Trinity, a few blocks from which was the poet's abode. On giving our names our were shown into a small salon, brilliantly lighted, and superbly furnished with Gobelin tapestry and glit furniture, wherein a few other guests were already assembled. A charming-looking old lady with silver-white hair, Mme. Drouet, received us and bade us welcome, apologizing, meanwhile, for the tem-

porary absence of the poet,
"His little grandson Georges," she said, "has been very ill with rheumatism of the heart, and, though he is now much better, and, indeed, able to come down stairs, he could not go to sleep to-night, and insisted that his grandfather should come and tell him stories

till he feit sleepy."

After a few inquiries about the little fellow's condition (he is the last surviving male representative of the poot's line in the later generation) we seated ourselves, and the conversation became general. Among the first subjects of discussion was the Alsace-Lorraine exhibition, and mention was made of the love-

ly portrait of Mme. Récamier.
"I remember having seen Mme. Récamier when she was quite an aged woman," remarked an elderly gentleman present, with a red rib-bon in his buttonhole, who, as we afterward learned, was M. Hippolyte Lucas. "She was then 70 years of age, and not a vestige of her world-renowned beauty remained. She was suffering from an affection of the eyes, and

world-renowned beauty remained. She was suffering from an affection of the eyes, and was forced to wear a green shade over them, so that when Châteaubriand, who was so gouty that he could not walk, and had to go about in a wheeled chair, came up to the side of her sold she was forced to touch his face before she could fully recognize him."

"And I," said Mine. Drouet, "was introduced to Mine. Tallien when she was quite an old woman. She was the Princess de Chimay then, and was residing in Belgium, but, as the Queen was a woman of very strict morality, she was not received at court on account of her antecedents, though her husband and her sons had free cutre there."

"And did she," I asked, "retain any traces of the leveliness for which she was so celebrated in her earlier years?"

Not a particle, "was the answer. "She was horribly dressed, too, in an apple-green dress, and a cherry-colored turban adorned with a bird of paradise."

A stir among the guests, and all rose to greet the host, who had just entered. It was with inexpressible interest and emotion that I gazed upon my literary idol of so many years, and found the vague image so long enshrined in my imagination taking the shape and substance of reality. My librat glance, however, dispuised all my fear of possible disappointment as to the personal appearance of the great poet. The fine, venerable head, crownod with profuse misses of snow-white, hall; the forchead, massive and singuity Profection, in the ample, snowy beard, and, above all, the kindly and be nevolent expression of the whole counternance, combined to make up a picture that more than realized my ideal. In one respect he hardly met my expectation. I had in some way become peesessed with the idea that he was, itse Goethe, a very tall man, and he was, on the contrary, below middle size. But though not tall, his powerful frame, broad shoulders, and massive cheat bespoke unusual health and vigor. He hardly looked his ago, not withstanding the snowy whiteness of his hair and beard.

The conversation

admit of a full record being mans of it. Victor Hugo taixed as he wrote, with a certain caim ferver and eloquence that rendered his lightest words impressive. His voice, too, soft deep, and full in tone, gave weight to his slightest utterances. Some mention being made of the Vendôme column, he stigmatized those who had overthrown it as "a back of fools."

"It is not yet decided." he said, "what statue shail be placed upon its summit. It ought to be a statue of La France."

Then some one spoke of the siege, and I asked him about his little granddaughter, the citie Jeanne, so beautifully apostrophized in "L'Annes Terrible."

"Poor little Jeanne," he said, "was then very siek, and, indeed, supposed to be dying; and it was for that reason that I preferred to illuminate her figure rather than that of her brother George's. You know," he continued, with that exquisite tenderness he has always shown toward the little children, shining in his smile, and softening the deep tones of his voice, "one always loves best the child that is ill. But she is strong and healthy now; it is my grandson who is the sufferer at present."

Then something was said about his unpublished works, and he was asked respecting the new volumes of poetry, "Lee Quatre Vents de l'Esprit," which were to include two new dramas from his pen, the "Four Winds," being the four phases of poetry, lyric, epic, dramatic, and sarcastic.

"I have much to do and many things to fin-

new volumes of poetry, Lee Quatre vonts de l'Espril," which were to include two new months, and which were to include two new dramas from his pen, the "Four Winds," being the four phases of poetry, lyric, epic, dramatic, and sarcastic.

"I have much to do and many things to finish," he remarked, 'and life is passing away from me. I have a head stuffed full of novels, but shail I ever have time to write them? I am 72 years old, and the end cannot be far off."

Mention was then made of the great battless of the romantic school against the classic half a century ago.

"Those who waged those battles with me," alone survive. I feel like a General who, after a battle, should see his army lying slain around him, himself the sole survivor."

I told the poet that I had heard of the change of name of the Boulevard Haussmann to the Boulevard Haussmann to the Boulevard Victor Hugo, and my regret at the anbasquent restoration of the old name.

"Yes," he repiled. "I was surprised when I first entered Haris to see my name inscribed upon the walls. That was the work of my riends the Farisians, but the Versaillists did not suffer it to remain long."

The conversation then turned upon that universal subject, the weather, and one of the gentlemon present asked the poet if he had not suffered much from the inclement climate of Guernesey during his residence there.

"Not at al." he answered; "on the contrary, the weather was uniformly mild and pleasant, My son, in his work on the island, has felicitously described it as a perpetual April, never too warm or too cold."

I asked him if he had seen there specimens of the cuttle fish of the dimensions he had described in "The Toliers of the Sea."

"Oh, yes," he replied. "My son was one while bathings in the sea, pursued by one, and forced to take refuge in a cave; and I saw one while bathings in the sea, pursued by one, and forced to take refuge in a cave; and is awone while bathing in the sea furner, but in truth I told nothing about it that I did not know from personal observation to

## POETRY OF THE PERIOD.

Spring's the Time. Prom Cussell's Hapanine.

Violets in the hazel copse,
Huebells in the dingle;
Birds in all the great tree tops
Joyous songs commingle.
Phillis through the flowery ways
Strays from dawn till gloaming.
Oh, the happy brezy days!
Spring's the time for roaming.

In the budding of the year,
in the daisied meadows,
Where the brooklet ripples clear
Through the willow shadows,
Corydon, among his sheep,
Sees fair Phillis roving,
Feels a rapture new and deep—
Spring's the time for loving t

Merry moments swiftly pass,
Corydon and Phillis
Wandering through the dewy grass,
Through the daffodillies;
In the woodlands faint and far
Tender doves are cooing;
Flocks and fields forsaken are—
Spring's the time for wooing!

Amber cowalips fresh and sweet,
As a first love token.
Corydon at Phillip feet
Lays—no word is spoken.
Oh, you brooklet! dance along,
Whirling, dimpling, spinning;
Babble out your sunshine song;
Spring's the time for winning!

A Japanese Fan. From the Joker.

Bordered by quirky lines
Covered with quaint designs—
Tortuous trees and vines
Drawn sralosquely;
Here are grim griffins seen,
Rivers of purple sheen,
Maidens in red and green,
Smilling grotesquely. Haply beyond the seas, Under the bamboo trees,

Under the bamboo trees,
Some jamity Japanese
Damsel possessed it;
Haply her lover, too,
When there was none to view,
(Lovers quite often do)
Kissed and carcesed it.

Now 'its Jeannetic's, and she waves it so witchingly Whene'e she strays with me Down through the meader That all mp pulses stir. Thinking of it and her-liang it! I wish it were Back there in Yeddo!

Each there in Yeddo!

The Witch Maidens. From Harper's Basar,

The moonlight lies on Loch Naver.
And the night is strange and still;
And the stars are twinking coldly
Above the Clebrig hill. And there by the side of the water, O what strange shapes are these? O these are the wiid witch maidens Down from the northern seas.

And they stand in a magic circle, And each has over her forehead. A star of golden green.

O what is their song? Of sailors That never again shall sail; And the music sounds like the sobbing And sighing that brings a gale. But who is she who comes yonder? And all in white is she: And her eyes are open, but nothing Of the outward world can she see.

O haste you back, Meenie, haste you, And haste to your bed again; For there are the wild witch maidens Bown from the northern main. They open the magic circle;
They draw her into the ring;
They kneel before her, and slowly
A strange, sad song they sing;

A strange, sad song, as of sailors
That never again shall sail;
And the numle sounds like the sobbing
And sighing that brings a gale.

O haste you back, Meenie, haste you, And haste to your bed again; For these are the wild witch maidens Down from the northern main. "O come with us, rose white Moenie, To our sea halle draped with green; O come with us, rose white Meenie, And be our rose white queen!

"And you shall have robes of splendor, With shells and pearls bestrewn; And a sceptre olden and golden, And a rose white coral throne.

"And by day you will hear the music Of the ocean come nigher and nigher; And by night you will see your palace Ablaze with phosphor fire.

"O come with us, rose white Meenie, To our sea halls draped with green; O come with us, rose white Meenie, And be our rose white queen!"

But Clebrig heard, and the thunder Down from his iron hand sped; And the hand of the wild witch incidens One swift skrick uttered and fied. And Meenie awoke, and terror And wonder were in her eyes; And she looked at the moon-white valley, And she looked to the star-lit skies.

O haste you back. Meenie, haste you, And haste to your bed again;

O hear you not yet their singing Come family back on the breeze, The song of the wild witch sisters As they fly to the Iceland seas?

O hark, 'tis a sound like the sobbing
And sighing that brings a gale;
A low, sad song, as of salors
That never again shall sall!
William WILLIAM BLACK. Spring Under Cypresses.

From the London Athenaum. Under the cypresses, here in the stony
Woods of the mountain, the Spring too is sunny:
Rare Spring and early,
Birds sinzing sparely,
Pale seagreent helicober similing of honey. Desolate, bright, in the blue Lenten weather Comes of the cypresses sparkle together, Shining brightly As, lowedy and lightly. The winds lift the branches and silr them and feather.

Where the sun pierces, the sharp boulders glitter Desoiate, bright; and the white moths flitter Pailidy over The bells that cover With faint-smelling green all the fragrant brown litter.

Down in the plain the sun ripens for hours— Look! in the orchards a mist of pale flowers— Past the rose hedges A-bloom to the edges, A smoke of blue olives, a vision of towers! Here only beliebers grown only shade is; Bursly the very Spring here balf atraid is; Out of her buson Drops not a blossom, Mutely she passes through—she and her ladies.

Mutely? Ah, no; for a pance, and thou hearest One bird who sings alone—one bird, the dearest. Nay, who shall name it. Call it or claim it? Such birds as sing at all, sing here their clearest. Ah, never dream that the brown meadow thrushes, Finches, or happy larks sing in these hushes.

Only some poet Of birds, flying to it.

Sings here alone, and is lost to the bushes.

## At the Opera.

At the Opera.

From Life.

He carried his suburn-haired girl to the opera.
Dressed in a suit of ineffable make.
What could be handsomer, what could be properer.
Than such a thing for a pretty maid's sake?
Bits fook in the singing and gazed at the capering.
Done by the ballet all over the floor:
Forms so symmetrical, members so tapering.
Never were seen or inspected before.
He saked if the singing would seem to the critical.
Bweet as the musical chimes of the spheres, fit the whole business should cost but the pitiful Every-day price of a couple of beers.
How could the harmonies, big with sublimity,
Gladden the soul of the girribed duds
if, crowded around in oftensive proximity,
sat the delighted but plain multitude!

A Trial Trip. From the Brooklyn Eagle.

Oh, the seas how they roar! how they roar!

Stormy winds how they blow!

While we joily Dolphin salior boys are working on the And the land lubbers lying down below, below, below!
With the land lubbers lying down below!

With the land lubbers lying down below!

Three times and out went she!

And a stout little tug towed her back into the slip,

With a hot box, united journal, jammed

screw, broken shatt, slipped eccentric,

collapsed flue, choked mud valve,

cylinder heads blown out, governor

thrown off. eafery valve clogged,

rinder unshipped,

And her bobstays hanging where her spanker ought to be,

Back aft, where her spanker ought to be.

B. J. Buaparra. E. J. BURDETTE,

The Links o' Carnoustie. From the Academy.

They may brag o' St. Andrews, North Berwick, and a',
But gowfers, like fishers, whiles blether a wee;
Laddle, gis me the driver and tee me a ba';
Laddle, gis me the driver and tee me a ba';
There's nocht like the links o' Carnoostle tae me. She's awa wi' a click, what music can be San sweet as the click when ye hit the ba' clean? What joy like the joy when ye see the ba' flee, Lake a bird, o'er the burne, and hight on the green? Noo tee the ba', laddle, and I'll lay her deid,
Mak her fire o'er the house and a bunker or twa;
Awa flew the ba', and awa flew the beid
O' the club. 'Quo' my necbour, 'Nac gowfer and
blaw."

It's aye this or that—took my se aff the hat.
A twinter o' ricumnties, a stomach ages.
The caddie, the clue, or the wm't misca;
Or grow, "Wite and goof w't the sum in his se ?" My neebour drove week and "Noo, Jamis," quo' he,
"This hole should to mine." Quo' I, "Frien', dinna
hlaw;
It's a queer game the xowf." Wi' his clock he let fice,
But he somehou or tither his nacthing ava. When ye play dinna pross, or ye'll find it in vain; Ye'll heel, tap, or draw, or be s' in the sir; Por, mind ye, the ba' has a mind o' her ain. And she'll no steer a fit if ye dinna play fair.

When wi' worry and work I am weary and was, A roup o' the links make me cheery and bauld; A roup o' the links on a fine caller day will mak ye fee, youthfu', though seventy year auld. I am fend o' the gowf, though I whiles miss the ba'; But whater is the man that can aye mak her flee I If a man canna gowf he is nes man at a'; O, there's nocht tike the links o' Carnostie tae me.

CURIOUS FEATURES OF ACTUAL LIFE.

A Healthy Georgia County.

From the Elberton Leader.

From the Etherton Leader.

It was the remnark of Gen. Toombis that the "Ethert county people lived longer than any others." Harmon Lovingood lived longer than any others. "Harmon Lovingood lived longer than any others." Harmon Lovingood lived longer than any others. "Harmon Lovingood lived longer than any others." John A. Verded ided in his Bist year.

John A. Verded ided in his Bist year.

Mrs. Sarsh fleck was bi when she died, and so was the steming the mother of livery Fiemling.

Mrs. Siming the mother of livery Fiemling.

Mrs. Siming the mother of livery Fiemling.

Mrs. Siming the mother of livery Fiemling.

Mrs. Sims Johnston was 88 years of age and so was liram Jones when he died.

Mr. Henjamin Andrew, father of Asbury Andrew of Mr. Benjamin Andrew, father of Asbury Andrew of Eberton, was 84 years old when he departed this life.

Hartlet Baker, a colored man, died in his 93d year.

Goorge Hughes, colored, is said to be 105 and 1s still living. Since emancipation he has devoted almost all his lime to fishing—a healthy sport and fish are wholes the last for methods say they see no change in him for the last for methods and the see the 6th generation of her descendants and was, in the opinion of the Hon. W. H. Mattox, between 193 and 110 years when she died. She was his property.

Harbara Colson was supposed to be 139 when she shook off this merial coil. The writer knew her well, and found in her old age personined.

### Paid on Sight.

From the Detroit Free Press. "You soo, Captain my son whas in Milwau-kee. He goes nafer-dere last wheek to see his mode."
"Yes, Mr. Dinder."
"He takes feetly dollar mit him, but may be he plays pool und goes mit the opera und has extra exponent. Before he goes awhay he says he draws on me if he whants money."

whants money."

"I see."

"Vheil, two days ago a chap comes into my blace und says he has a sight draft for \$25. My poy Shake vine deal proke und can't come nome. Captain, how whas it aboutd sight drafts?"

"Why, you pay 'em on sight."

"At the bank."

"What to !"
"At the bank."
"Dot's what I tells der oldt vhomans, but she says I must pay to der man, und so I didt. Dis morning Snake whas home. He says he doan' draw on me for nothings."
"Well, you've been beaten again."
I pelief so—I pelief so, Captain."
Well. "Well."

"Well."
"I know how I got eafen on dot,"
"I know how I got eafen on dot,"
"Der old whomans has \$200 in der bank und Shake
has \$40. I draws some drafts on 'em und pays myrelf
hack. If you hear some rows in my blace in-day yen
knows how it whas. I whas doing a banking peesness."

A Good Story About Gen. Hedgwick.

Told by Gen. M. F. McManon in the Cincinnati Enquirer.

On one occasion a volunteer soldier came lettering around our headquarters, and Sedgwick was atting out on the ground near by, with no sign of his was very plain indeed.

'The soldier came up and said: 'I say, friend, have you got any induction avoid headquarters?'

'I don't know,' said Sedgwick: 'maybe I have. What do you want?'

'Why, some of my friends from the Third Corps have come over to make me a little visit and I want to give them something to drink, and I want to get an order on the suiter to let me buy some whiskey.

'O, said Sedgwick, 'you don't want any whiskey. You and your friends will like each other just as much without whiskey.'

'No, wa won't, said the man. 'Do you fellows around headquarters freat your friends that way when the come to see you? You don't think you have any in 'I rather think I can get you a bottle of whiskey,' said Sedgwick. 'Here, you take this to the suiter, and maybe he will give it to you.'

'The man looked very dubious about this fellow heing of any help to him. Sedgwick took a little piece of paper and wrote on it:

'The suiter will let the bearer have some whiskey.'

'He handed it to the man, and, without looking at it, the man said:

'No, you think this will fetch it, do you!' Told by Gen. M. P. McMahon in the Cincinnati Enquirer.

"He handed it to the man, and, without looking at it, the man said:
"Now, you think this will fetch it, do you!"
"I think it will, said Sedgwick.
"The man opened the piece of paper and read it:
"John Sedgwick!" Then he took a keener look at the unknown officer and identified him.
"The man opened the piece of said the link of this piece of paper." It below it recknown on either will get this piece of paper.

of paper.

#### C. P. Huntington's Butter. From the Financial Journal.

From the Financial Journal.

Collis P. Huntington, the railway magnate, years ago kept a general store in Sacramente. One day a trader came in from a minime camp to buy stores, and among other things he wanted butter. Huntington had several tobe brought from Orange county, the famous butter-producing region of New York. The miners had all the good things that money would buy, and the storekeeper from the mining camp was bound to take back the best he could find.

The best he could find.

"Well would camp signified his desire.

"Well would camp signified his desire. It was some bang up butter," was the way the store-tell would come be a stored to be stored from York Statestington, "here is some all the way from York Statestington," here is some all the way from York Statestington, "here is some all the bottom of the tub, and the storekeeper ran his nose along it when it was pulled out.

"What's the tax on that groupe?" he asked.

"That's thirty-five ceurs a pound," replied Huntington.

"Hain't you got something a leetle better?" asked the storekeeper.

"Yes," said Huntington, going to another tub of the very same kind of butter. He knew the storekeeper would not be satisfied if he did not show something better, and he was equal to the occasion. "Here's some for fity cents," said Huntington as he drew the trier out, and the storekeeper's now, that's a little like it," said the storekeeper.

"Now, that's a little like it," said the storekeeper.

for fifty conts, "and limitington as he drew the trier out, and the storekeeper's nose followed it from one end to the other.

"Now, that's a little like it," said the storekeeper, "but," he added with a wink, "come now, ham't you got something that the files won't settle on, that's furlimed and hair-topped? There's nothing too good for us, and we've got the dust to pay for it."

"It's "again said limitington." Here's something "tes," again said limitington." Here's something the trier, and the storekeeper's "to the storekeeper's note followed the line of butter for the time.

"How much is she assessed at "asked the storekeeper, ""in which is the same at a "asked the storekeeper, "You hain't got too much for me," said the storekeeper.

# From the Portland Press.

The steamer Valora of this port, Capt. Has-kell, is engaged in shooting wholes for the factory at flow they. Thirsteal, when off Cape Porpose, and just the steamer started in provide was encountered, and the steamer started in provide was encountered, and the steamer started in provide the somethier of the arrival of the monster he somethier of the arrival of the monster he somethier to the surface, and this time they got in a short. Mr. Haskell, the brother of the Captain, fired the bond, entering the animal, which immediately swam with great speed di-fectly out to sea. The steamer followed, and, after a loss and exciting chase, succeeded in driving the whale in shore, when he again sounded. ions and exciting chase, accessed in driving the whole in shore, when he again sounded.

After a short time, during which the steamer lay to and waited for the reappearance of the monster, he rese to the surface and pinniged directly for the boat. Had be struck the little vessel, coming as he was with almost best struck the little vessel, coming as he was with almost structure of the surface and pinniged directly for the boat. The signal to back we say would certainly have sunk. The signal to back we say would certainly have sunk. The signal to back we say would certainly have sunk. The signal to back we say would certainly have sunk. The signal to back we say we say the same as the same can be suffered to say the same say were to be some sunk in seventy five fathous of water.

The whale was very large for the species, being fully twice as long as the valora, a forty-five-foot vessel. The carcass will come to the surface in eight or nine days, when it will be taken in tow by the stemuer. It is proposed to bring it to Portland, to be exhibited.

### Wind on the Prairies. From the Chicago Heraid.

"The prairies of the West are great places for wind, "said a telegraph operator; "I used to have a said on our in Nebrask, right out on the open prairie, and out in Nebrask, right out on the open prairie, it was a lucky wind for use. Here was a canton. But it was a lucky wind for use there was a canton. But it was a lucky wind for use there was a canton. But it was a lucky wind for use there was a canton. But it was a lucky wind for use there was a canton. But it was a lucky wind for use there was a lucky wind for use the said on the said of the said of a said on a said on a said on said on said on said on said on said on a said on a not it ear. All I had to do Sauraday might was to heat my said push that the car out on the main track, and in less than an inner I was at my journey's and. For more than a year I went to see my girl every Saturday might by means of that said car. Prelly slock, wasn't it?"

"I'es, prelly slock. But do you mean to say that the during all that the said direction overy Saturday night during all that the said office in the said of t

He Wanted Bear's Ment.

From the Commercial Bulletin.

Those who had not tipped the waiters received but tardy attention. It chanced that one of this class, a big, broad-shouldered fellow, with luge whisher, a regular basso profund voice, rough clathing, and a head of hair like a big bullado's frontiet, swargered in, and, with a free and independent air, took an unnoccupied seat at the dunier table.

day fouch bear ment, where showed as a cort of rarily, and just as the newcomer and down some was or dered by a party of three gentlemen opposite, who were promptly served.

"Say, walter," said the newcomer, "bring me some er that b'ar ment."

"Yes, air," said the newcomer, "bring me some er that b'ar ment."

"Yes, air," said the newcomer, "bring me some er that b'ar ment."

"Yes, air," said the newcomer, "bring me some er that b'ar ment."

"Yes, air," said the newcomer, "bring me some er that b'ar ment."

"Yes, air," said the shift-jacketed attendant, who left, but gave no further heed to the order.

The Western man ast quietly in his place for five minutes: the chairs on either side of him had been immediately turned up, lest some guest equally objectionable to the head waiter might get in at that point. After sitting five minutes he grabbed hold of a waiter who was passing behind him.

"Mat, have you got any b'ar meat for dinner?"

"Well, bring us some, and quick, too, for I'm hungrier in should."

Away went the waiter, but he didn't return, and the color began to mount fints the face of the backwoodsman. He gave a third order, which was treated with the same sublime contempt. Patience could no further go. He seized hold of the heavy dining plates that were laid on either side of him and dashed one after another down violently upon the table with a crash that smashed them into pieces, brought the head waiter and two or three others to humin an instant, and started some of thas inmendiate neighbors to tien feet in alarm.

"Certainly, air, yea, or "Rap of the left hand of the westerner that held him in an iron gri

## Latest from the Explorer Pojevalsky.

From the Landon Trace.

As great interest is felt in the progress of cell Privalsky explorations in northern that and his attempt to reach thase, the following message from him, davel Lob Nor. March 15, and published in the facility faigs, will see rook with interest. During the last autumn sad winter we verted castern Zaidana as far as last Nor. The middle rates of the shore lain, hitherts anknown, has here examined with sufficient care. The success route leading from Khoten to thin has been found and thoroughly explored We have also discovered three renormous such graks, to which we have given the mance of him.

covite, Columbia, and Enizmatical. The most elevated point of the first-named is Mount Kremius, of the second Mount Dinns, and of the third the Grown of Menomachus, which are all of a higher elevation than 20,000 feet more the sea. The Tibetan plateau skirting the middle Keen Luu has an average neight of 4,000 feet. No inhabitants were net with exceeding the control of the contr

#### Whiskey Drinking in Kansas, From the Globe-Democrat,

Walskey Brinking in Kansas.

From the Globe-Democrat.

I have seen more whiskey drinking in prohibition Kansas than any State have ever been in. It is that seri, a send any State have ever been in. It is that seri, a send any State have ever been in. It is that seri, a send any State have ever been in. It is that seri, a send any State have ever been in. It is that seri, a send any State have ever been in. It is that seri, a send any State have ever been in the habit of going suite a seloon and habit of going suite a seloon and habit of going suite a seloon in the habit of going suite a seloon habit of going suite a seloon habit of going suite a seloon habit of the commandments. A man has gut to live one of the length of the commandments. A man has gut to live on an indice with the seloon of the remons for wanting whiskey are so trivial and non-sensical that even a druggist must detest the farce. The individual who wants whiskey in Kansas in it of the farce. The individual who wants whiskey in Kansas in it of the control of the guantity. I saw a few of these certificates at little dut the other day. One was "four bottlee of heer for diarrhoea," another, "one quart test Scotch whistey for headache," and "one case porter for sprained ankle," and so on. But yet the screaming farce goes on, the certificates are filled out, the Probate Judge gets his five cents for each certificate, and the druggist and Judge wink at one another and eay nothing. The present temperance law in Kansas is worse than saloons, because of saloons were running the men who now get whiskey would in time be refused intoxicating drinks by respectable saloon keepers, and through necessity they would be forced to remain solve much longer than they do now. As it is, when a man fills out a certificate he eather does a for one drink hut from a plut up to two turning the men who have yet whiskey were throws it away, but of the probability of the committee of the probability of the committee of the probability of the committee of the probability of th

Prince Bismarck's Latest Reception.

Prom the London Standard.

Berlin, May 12.—Prince Bismarck's "Frithschipen" today was very largely attended, about two humbers of the Bonderst, herbilling almost all the members of the Relebstag and Landlag, the Ultim humarch, of ladder the Relebstag and Standard and Barring. Princess Bismarck, Countess Rantzau, and Barrings. Princess Bismarck, Countess Rantzau, and Barrings of several Ministers and State officials. The weather being cold, the guests remained in the hody of the delike and coliferance from being crowded. A laffet was placed along one of the walls, and in the hody of the high were name one smill tables. Barvarish beer, Olded, Prince Bismarch who was chosely attended by Dr. Schweniger, confining himself exclusively to his favorite beer.

The Channellor looked in splendid health, and one could scarcely believe that he had celebrated his seveniteth birthilay a few months ago. He kept moving from group to group, conversing pleasantly with everybody, and alond everything except polities; now helping librity with different begun, and along the group of the polities in the for for another Deputy. He finally sat down between Herr Winithorst and Baron von Unrube, the table being quiesly surrounded by an exser crowd, in valu watting for some political utterance of importance.

Prom the St. James's Gazette.

There is now on view at Mr. Edward Joseph's galery, in Bond street, a very curious and, it would seem, genuins reite of Queen Elizabetta. This is a small prayer book, three inches by two mathet, in which the Queen has written in a very next hald, on saty-five leaves of vellum prayers in English street, latin, French, and Italian. The mode of the sharteen case, which is a formed with ruby classe, contains a pair of miniatures of the Queen and the Due d'Alencon, nainted by Nicholas Hillard; and the hook is evidentify a gage d'unour preparet by the Queen for hersaitor, probably about 1881, when, as readers of Mr. Fronde will remember, also aumanneed to her court that she had accepted him for himband. lost, when, as readers of Mr. Fronde will remember, she amounted to her court that she had accepted him. The prayers are very autolographical; the writer speaks of herself as "drawing my blood from kinges," and thanks God for "passing me from a prison as palace," and "placing me a Souversigne Prince over this people of England." The history of the book can be traced from James II., who gave it to the Duke of Berwick, where it passed to Horace Walpie, and afterward to the Duke of Persiand. At her sale, in 1788, it was bought for Queen Charlotte for 101 gimeas. She left it to one of her ladies in waiting, from whom it was acquired by the late Duches of Leeds; thence it passed into the late owner's hands. It is described in Walpiele's "Ancedtoes of Panning," in his account of the famous ministurist Nicholas Hilliard.

#### Wild Cats and Coons. From the Peckskill Blade.

During the past winter L. D. Curry has had his own fan trapping on the mountains. Some time in February he set his traps on St. Anthony's nose, and his first catch was a wild cat that weighed 39 pounds. The cat was caught by its right fore foot, and one hour later it would have gnawed itself loose. As Curry was approaching the trap, which was concealed from view by the stump of a tree to which it was attached, he all the stump of a tree to which it was attached, he all the stump of a tree to which it was attached, he all the stump of a tree to which it was attached, he all the stump of a tree to which it was attached, he all the stump of a tree to which it was attached, he all the stump of a tree to which it was attached, he all the stump of a tree to which he was the stump of a tree to which it was attached to be about the animal sprang at his legs, and had the clusin heer that it was lops dander was up, and, cluiching a large shickory stick in his hand, he proceeded to belabor the animal until it gave up the ghost, not, however, until it had forn part of the leg from his pantaloons and inflicted a deep scratch on his hand.

Some six days afterward, on again visiting his traps in the same forcality, there being some three inches of snow the same forcality, there being some three inches of snow the same forcality, there being some three inches of the same forcality, there had been the proposity with a schedular polymer, After much tradific the coop was departed and placed in the hands of Mr. Genris Durin, the crack ride shot of our immortal team, who has studied and mounted the animal as a trophy of Pop Curry's prowess as a hunter—by far the might less in this section. During the past winter L. D. Curry has had

## Imprisoned in a Shipwrecked Vessel.

From the London Standard.

One of the most extraordinary escapes, after shipscreek, was reported, on May II, at Hull, in the previous day a keel bound on framely to Leeds was driven against a sand bank on completed and it was supposed that all on bound—the music, his wife, and three children—had berished. previous day a keep domai. From Grinisty to Leeds was driven against a samid mark and capsized and it was supposed that all on bond—the master, his wife, and three childrens—had perished.

On that morning, about 10 o'clock the Captain of a state of the captain of a state of the samid bond, the Captain of a that morning, about 10 o'clock the Captain of a that morning, about 10 o'clock there the accident had been as the captain of a state of the samid bank. He captain spward on the edge of the samid bank. He captain spward on the edge of the samid bank. He captain spward on the edge of the samid bank. He captain spward on the edge of the samid bank. He captain specially from the calain end. The crew concluded that some one was on board, and energetic speak were taken to get the keel in such a position as to effect a rescap, After several hours liber this was accomplished, and, a hole having hean cut through the bottom of the vessel, the Captain's wife. Mr. Snowden, and one of her children were rescaed alive, after an agonizing suspense of nearly seventeen hours.

The water had nearly silied the calin where the woman and her three children were sleeping, but there was just space enough left for her to keep hur houd and those of her fittle ones above the water, which ultimately reached the sinking of the kind of the children were accounted to get hold of the children were accounted to get hold of the children were all clinging the hair of her head, and in that way for some thought the day two of them died. Just as the mon who rescaed them yet into the cabon the water flaved in and reached to the woman's month. All the children were still clinging to her hair, and she and the live child were in a terribly exhausted condition. The mother's hands were raw with knocking at the side of the keep.

The survivors were token on hourst the tag and carefully tonded. At the moment of the keel capisizing what is known as the horse-line twisted cound the cantain, and carried him down among the rigging. Which appeared to have my

## Baron Huddigston's Bantam Cock Blaturbe

Baron Huddleston, when holding the assigns at worcester, companied words to the whiel of Poince of heing distarted in his sleep to the early morning by the crawing of a cock, and asked whether anything could be done to stop it. After a consultation among the officials the relighborhood was searched, the result being that in a you, a few streets distant, a mantam cock was found. The potnet told the owner the charge arainst the supposed offcinding bantam, and suggested that the bird small being could be be a state of the bantam, and supposed of the country of the bantam of the cover immediately took the part of the bantam, are considered in the cover of the cove From the St. Jumes's Gazette.

### Proprieturally in Gestures. From the Pittsburgh Post.

You have probably seen the imporsonation of the cork armed man, who sing." My Fraity June," and simultaneously uses his real hand to put the false one through a series of appropriate gestures. The first to do it in this city was Fred Leslie, a performer at the Casino, Next, Dixey introduced it at the Bijou Opera House, Now Frank Lincoln, a monologue man, is making use of it. Dixey and Lincoln discussed it the other night.

"You know you have no more right to it than I have," said Lincoln, "for you get it from Fred Leslie". "So I did, the mere cork arm," was the rejoinder; "but I added the hitch of the chow joint, by which the arm stops working suddenly, and that's good for a big lamph every time."

"Mobbs you did," Lincoln masted, "but I claim a still more important improvement. I imitate a squeak of the loint, and gag that I must oil the arm. There's a round of laughter in that and it never fails."

#### A Little Girl's Petition. From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

Prime the Louisville Consider Journal.

One morning the personal small of Gen. Black, Commissioner of February, contained a letter from a little girl of 14 years, whose father, a Republican, is President of the Board of Examining Surgeons in a Western town, and sie was afraid in would be removed. She said they father was in the army, that he brought shows with this after the war was over a disease from which he had not recovered, and which would ultimate by lower fatal to him, that he was a "good papa," and she was defend a potal card addressed to hereof, and she will be she with a surface of the library and the said of the library of the said of the library of the said of the library of

## Beginning the Crusade Against Sparrows.

From the Philadelphia Times.

A promium of \$5 will be awarded for the greatest an other of furthet approve heads exhibited at the Moorest own Spring Parr, which takes place on Jane 9 and 10. The heads are to be strong on strongs or wires of twenty-five each. Should as to be contain any ather bird's head except sparrows it was not be recognized.